

WHICH SIDE IS TRUE

STORY OF KATE MARSDEN'S WORK AMONG SIBERIAN LEPROS.

She Has Been Spoken of as a Second Florence Nightingale Because of Her Work, but Now Grave Charges Are Made Against Her.

There are two sides to the story of Miss Kate Marsden, the personable English woman, no longer young, but not yet old, upon whom the mantle of Florence Nightingale has been declared to have fallen. Miss Marsden became famous because of her investigations of leprosy as it exists in Siberia. The story of those investigations, as told by herself, makes her out to be brave, self-sacrificing, with plenty of nerve and of extraordinary endurance. It was in 1889 that she came to the front. She was then in Berlin, and she was out of money. She had heard of a wonderful plant that grew in Siberia, which was a specific for leprosy and with which some Siberian lepers were curing themselves. She longed to go to Siberia and find this plant. At the same time she proposed to look into the state of the lepers themselves. She had heard that because of their poverty and ignorance but few were able to avail themselves of its potency, and that most of them suffered the tortures of slow starvation by reason of the isolation insisted upon by the communities in which they lived. She had a notion that it would be well to



KATE MARSDEN.

found a colony where all the lepers might be gathered and treated with the herb, and that she was the one to found such a colony. The Empress Frederick, to whose attention Miss Marsden's plan was brought, was greatly interested and wrote letters to mother Victoria, the queen of England, and brother Albert Edward, prince of Wales. The Marsden record was looked up, and it was found that she had served as a Red Cross nurse in the Russo-Turkish war; that she had, after that contest, resided for some years in New Zealand, where she had won fame and good will by her work as a nurse, and that she had also tended the sick most faithfully in South Africa.

The royal minds were greatly prepossessed in Miss Marsden's favor by this, and the result was that in 1890, with letters in her pocket that introduced her to the empress, she went to St. Petersburg, where she was furnished with every facility to do her work. The help extended included a letter from the highest imperial authorities and an escort of soldiers during the time she should journey in Siberia. Of her journeyings she gave most interesting accounts upon her return. She rode horseback much of the time, booted, trousered and astride, like a man. She suffered cold, hunger and fatigue. Her course often led through morass and pathless forests, and her road had sometimes to be cleared in advance of her progress by sturdy axmen. She found about 300 lepers, all told, and they were in frightful condition. They lived in huts separate from their fellows, they were insufficiently fed and clad, and their lot was unexpressedly deplorable. She did not find the healing plant, but she heard of it and believed thoroughly in its existence. Neither did she find the colony. It was necessary for her to rest before entering upon that part of the work. Besides the needful money must be raised.

So she returned to London, whence a little later she came to America. Here she declared that she proposed shortly to investigate the lepers of Kamchatka, who, she understood, were in even worse condition than those of Siberia. She made many friends in this country and then went back to London. This was in 1892, and a short time after her book, descriptive of her work among the Siberian lepers, was issued.

Now comes the other side of the story. Her book displeased in Russia, where it was averred that there were no lepers in Siberia—at least only a few—and they, it was said, were not suffering for want of attention, because they were cared for by the imperial government. Gross exaggeration of Siberian matters generally, it was declared, were to be found on every page of the volume. An investigation committee took the matter up then, and its report has lately been made public. It declares Kate Marsden to be a fraud. There are hints of an intrigue between her and a Russian noble, and it is alleged that she did not do half the great things she says she did.

She denies it all, says the present report contradicts directly an earlier one, and that she shall bring suit for libel against Rev. Mr. Francis, pastor of the British-American church at St. Petersburg, chairman of the committee, and M. Pobedonostzeff, procurator of the holy synod, who indorses the report.

That is the gist of the dark side of the story, but it should be added that queer rumors concerning Miss Marsden have also lately arrived in London from New Zealand. The reader is at liberty to form his own opinion.

PLAYED WITH COPPERHEADS.

A Little Child Saved by Her Mother from an Awful Death.

It has always been the belief of people living in those parts of Pennsylvania where copperhead snakes are found that the reptiles will not bite children. The belief has received a curious confirmation in the case of the three-year-old daughter of Jacob Loan, a prosperous farmer of York county.

One day recently the little one was playing in the front yard, and her mother noticed her sitting in the grass near the front gate. Every now and then she would be heard laughing gleefully, and Mrs. Loan finally walked out to see what was amusing the child so much. When the little girl saw her mother coming she called out to her:

"Come, mamma, and see the live carpet snake!"

At the same time she held up to her mother a snake which she grasped in the middle of the body and which twisted and squirmed in the air. Mrs. Loan saw at once that it was a copperhead. Although she was almost swooning with terror, the child's mother acted with rare presence of mind. It occurred to her if she showed her alarm by crying out to the child the latter would undoubtedly become frightened, and the change that would naturally follow in her handling or sudden dropping of the snake might anger the copperhead and cause it to bite. With a great effort



PLAYING WITH LIVING CARPET SNAKE.

Mrs. Loan said, quietly and coaxingly:

"Fetch it to mamma, dear. Don't hurt it."

"But there's two of 'em, mamma," replied the little girl. "I'll fetch 'em both."

She reached down and picked up another copperhead that lay in the grass, and which Mrs. Loan had not seen, and came toddling along the path toward her mother with them. She retained her calmness, and when the child was within a couple of yards of her spoke to her and said:

"Put them on the ground, darling, and let mamma see them w-l-k."

This seemed to please the child, and she placed the copperheads in the path. The two snakes crawled eight or nine feet, and instantly their manner changed. The copperhead on the top of their heads began to deepen in color, as it does when this snake is enraged, and they both made toward the child's mother, showing great rage. The little girl clapped her hands and started to catch the snakes again. Her mother rushed out of the path and around the corner of the house, and when she returned she found the child up in her arms, and the snakes had crawled into the door behind her and fell to the floor in a dead faint.

Two Statesmen.

"Once upon a time," remarked a story-telling Congressman, "I happened to be doing some campaign speaking with the Senator from my State, and one of our engagements was at a small town considerably off the main highway, and at a place where I thought a United States Senator would be a nine days' wonder, not to say anything about what a plain member of Congress might be. We were objects of more or less remark, I am free to confess, and I was feeling rather proud of the combination, until I happened to overhear a conversation. I didn't intend to listen, but it happened that several women who had come to hear the speaking met in the hall right in front of my door, and of course the speakers of the day were the topic of conversation."

"Which one's the Senator?" asked one.

"That un' that's got the whiskers," replied another.

"He don't look like he knowed any more'n 't'other," was the next comment.

"I reckon he don't," said the third; "an' neither one don't seem to have any to spare in case they had to sheer it."

"How does he git to be Senator if he don't know more'n the Congressman?" asked the third.

"Hidh," snuffed the other. "taint what a Senator knows that makes him a Senator, it's what he's got." And then I made a noise to let them know that they must not be giving away state secrets, and the way they went down the hall was a caution."

Curing Frost-Bite.

Although the past winter has in most places been of exceptional mildness, it has developed a new cure for frost-bite. Dr. Heibing has been successful in Germany in twenty cases in healing people of the frozen nose. The treatment consisted in applying electrodes to the opposite sides of the nose, and passing a moderately strong current for five or ten minutes, moving the electrodes about. The immediate result is a reddening of the tissues, which may last several days, after which the skin and flesh resume their normal condition. In extreme cases, from ten to fifteen applications have been found necessary.



GOLF AND OUTING CAPES.

The figure at the left shows a white serge gown and shirt waist, and a golf cape of brown cloth lined with plaid. That on the right shows a gown of Danier and cape of diagonal tweed lined with red silk. These capes are suitable for golf or for outing wraps.

KEPT HIS HEAD.

The Admirable Condition of a Man After a Railroad Smashup.

"There isn't anything in the world that I know," he said to a reporter, "that makes a man lose his senses so completely as being tumbled over and over in a falling car, and yet I met a man once who seemed the personification of coolness in just such a situation. As soon as our car left the track we were all shot from our berths in various directions, being tumbled up and down and around as the car kept on turning somersets. Like the people I read about, we landed in the water, and when the car came to a standstill after its terrifying bumping and crushing, I was so frightened that I could scarcely move my arms to keep my head above water."

"Near me was a man who kept his head."

"Don't splash around so," he said. "You'll eat yourself. The car is full of broken glass, lamps, wrecked rods, and rails, and you'll h-k yourself to pieces."

"But I thought I was drowning and I shouted my fears to him."

"O, no," he said, "we are not drowning; we'll get out of this easily."

"But it was not so easy to escape as my cool friend assured me. The whole inside work had been shattered and there was nothing by which we could climb to the windows, which were high above us, as our car was overturned, lying on its roof."

"We made so many efforts to jump up, always falling back into the water, that I became exhausted. My friend, however, kept on encouraging me."

"Finally, with his assistance, I managed to clutch a window frame and I got out. He followed me shortly afterward."

"The thing he did when he had climbed outside was to examine himself for cuts and other wounds."

"Well, I guess I am alive," he said.

"After we had set there for awhile watching with shivers the wreckers who king out to us, my friend declared that he was going to crawl back into the car."

"Great heavens!" I begged, "don't do that; we were lucky to get out once. You might get pinned there or drowned by the rising water."

"I have a waistcoat in there," he answered, "and in the inside pocket there's over \$1,000. I am going back for that waistcoat. My berth was at one end and I might be able to find it."

"In the face of my protests he crawled back through the window, and when he dropped down with a loud splash I was as 'attled' as if I had been there again myself. I could hear him putting around in the water down the e for a long time while he fished for his waistcoat. Finally his wet head came through the window once more, and I never was more glad to see a man."

"I got it," he said, with a triumphant laugh. "Pretty wet, but the bills seem to be here. Watch is gone. Too bad, too; it was given to me, but one can't expect to save everything out of a railroad wreck," he added cheerfully.

"He was a cool man, that fellow, and nothing could disturb his good humor."—Philadelphia Press.

UNION PACIFIC ROUTE

For the Grand Army and Navy National Encampment, Pittsburg, Pa., Sept. 10, 11 and 12. The Union Pacific

Offers the very low rate \$21.50 for the round trip. Special Coaches and Sleepers will leave Topeka via the Union Pacific, Saturday, September 8th, 2:47 p. m., arriving at Pittsburg Monday morning, 7:30 a. m. Tickets on sale September 7 and 8, good returning up to and including Sept. 28, 1894.

Secure your tickets and reservations early, and go with the crowd.

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Grand Encampment of the Knights of the Pythias of the World.

The biennial encampment of the Supreme Lodge and grand encampment of the Knights of Pythias of the world will be held at the National Capital August 27th to September 6th.

For this occasion the Baltimore & Ohio Railroad Co. will sell round trip tickets from all points on its lines, August 22nd to 26th inclusive, valid for return trip until September 6th; a further extension of time to September 15th can be secured, provided the ticket is deposited with the joint agent at Washington, D. C., on or before September 6th.

The roundtrip rate from Chicago will be \$17.50, and correspondingly low rates from other points. Tickets will also be sold at all principal points throughout the west and north-west. No matter where you start from, ask for tickets via B. & O.

For information in detail, Address L. S. Allen, Asst. Gen'l. Pass. Agent, B. & O. R. R., Grand Central Passenger Depot, Chicago, Ill.

SANTA FE ROUTE.

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Department Commander Campbell has chosen the Santa Fe in connection with the Baltimore & Ohio railroad as the official route to Pittsburg for the national encampment G. A. R. The official train with the officers of the department of Kansas will leave the Santa Fe depot, Topeka, at 2 o'clock p. m., Saturday, September 8, and run through to Pittsburg without change. This train will consist of Pullman sleepers, free chair cars and coaches. All comrades, their families and friends, in fact all who wish to go on this cheap excursion to the east, are cordially invited to join this official train. Tickets sold September 7 and 8 good to return at any time to and including September 28. You can stop off if you wish between Chicago and Pittsburg on the return trip at any point desired, on tickets sold by the Santa Fe, and you don't have to go through to Pittsburg unless you wish. Come and see us for all particulars.

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